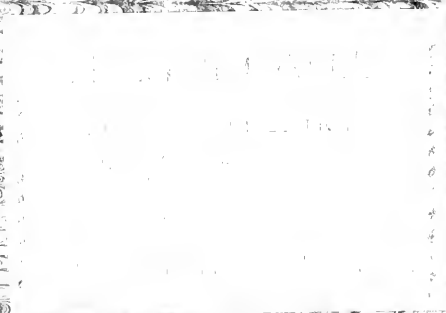
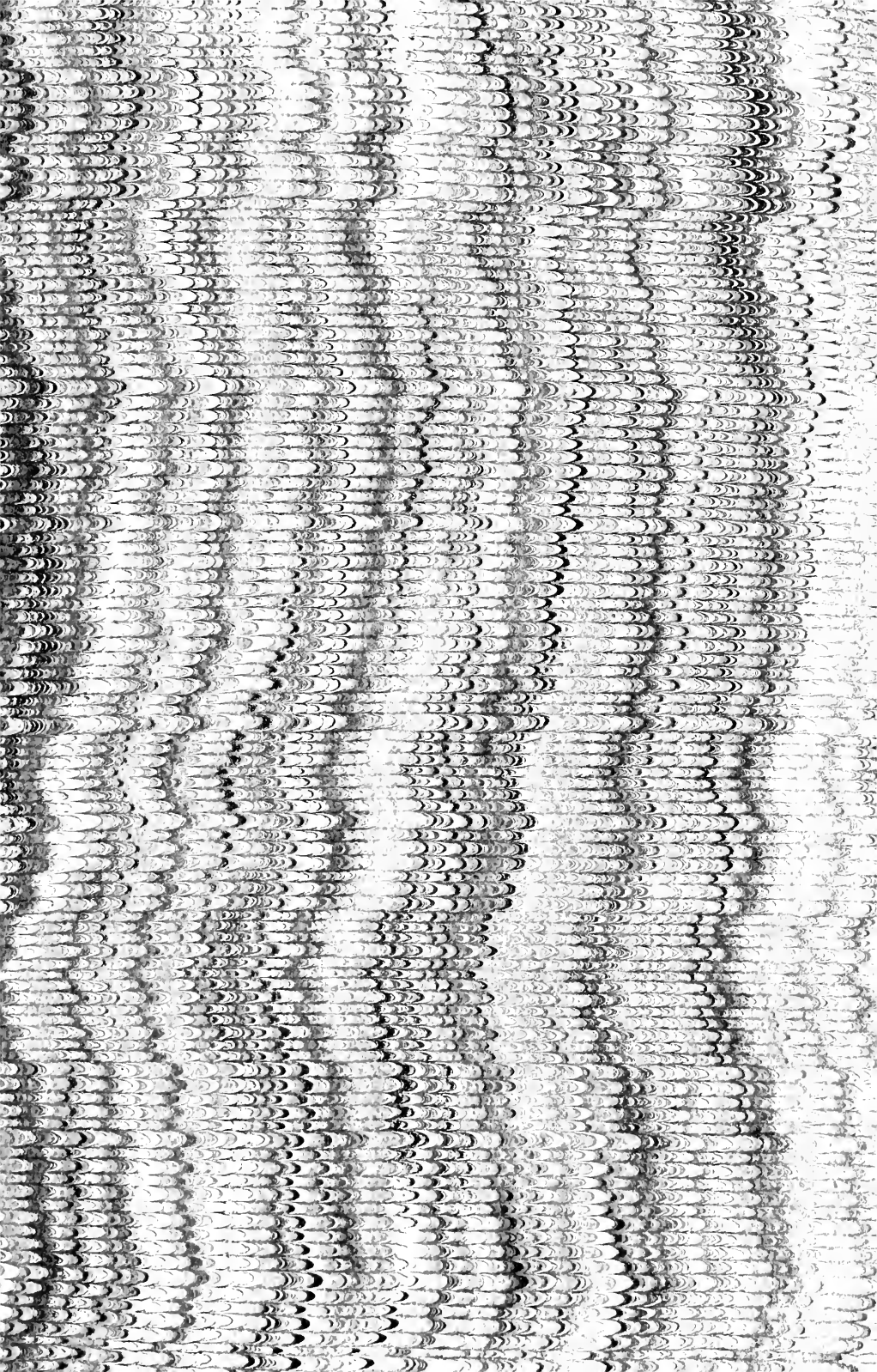
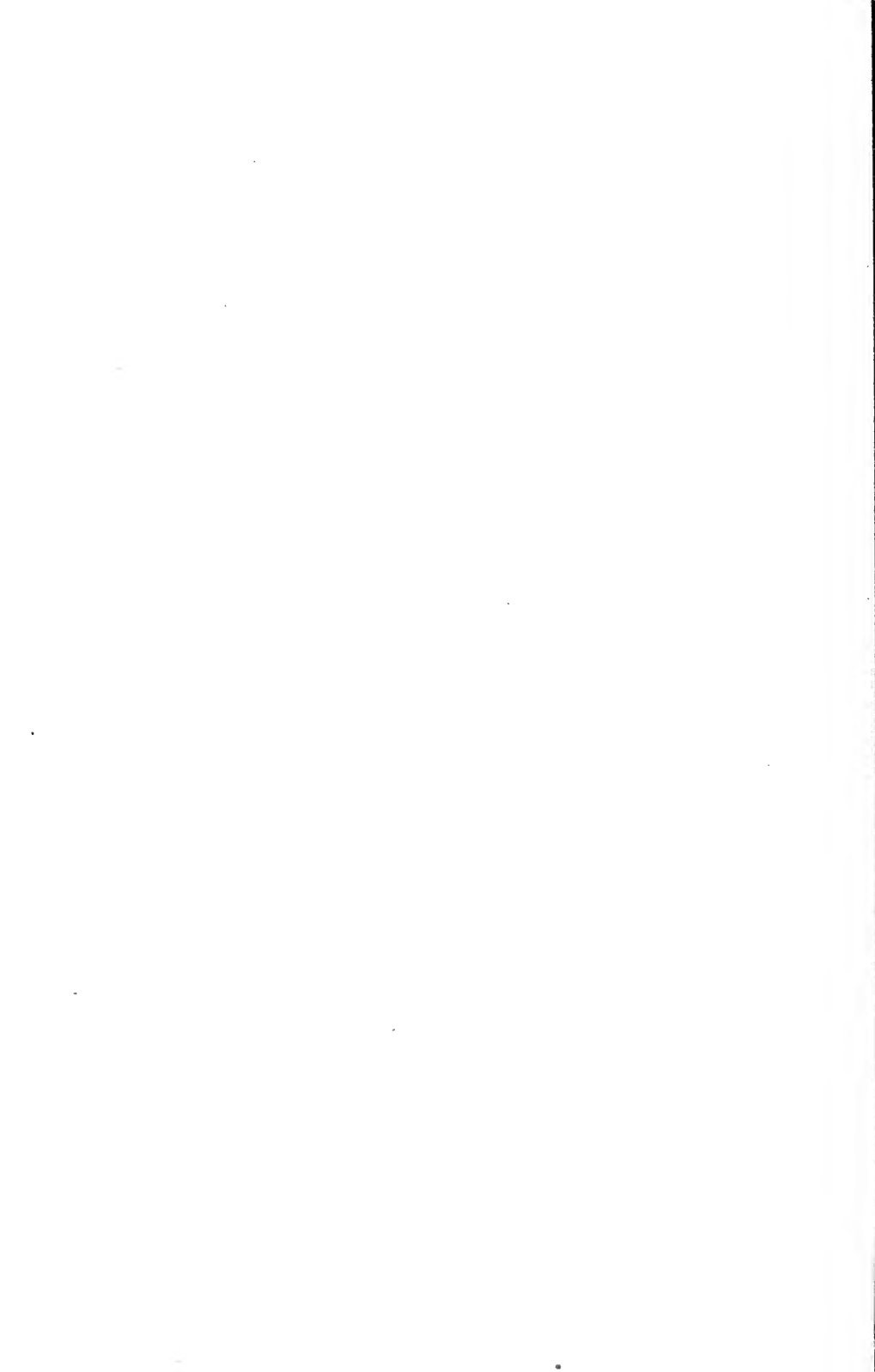


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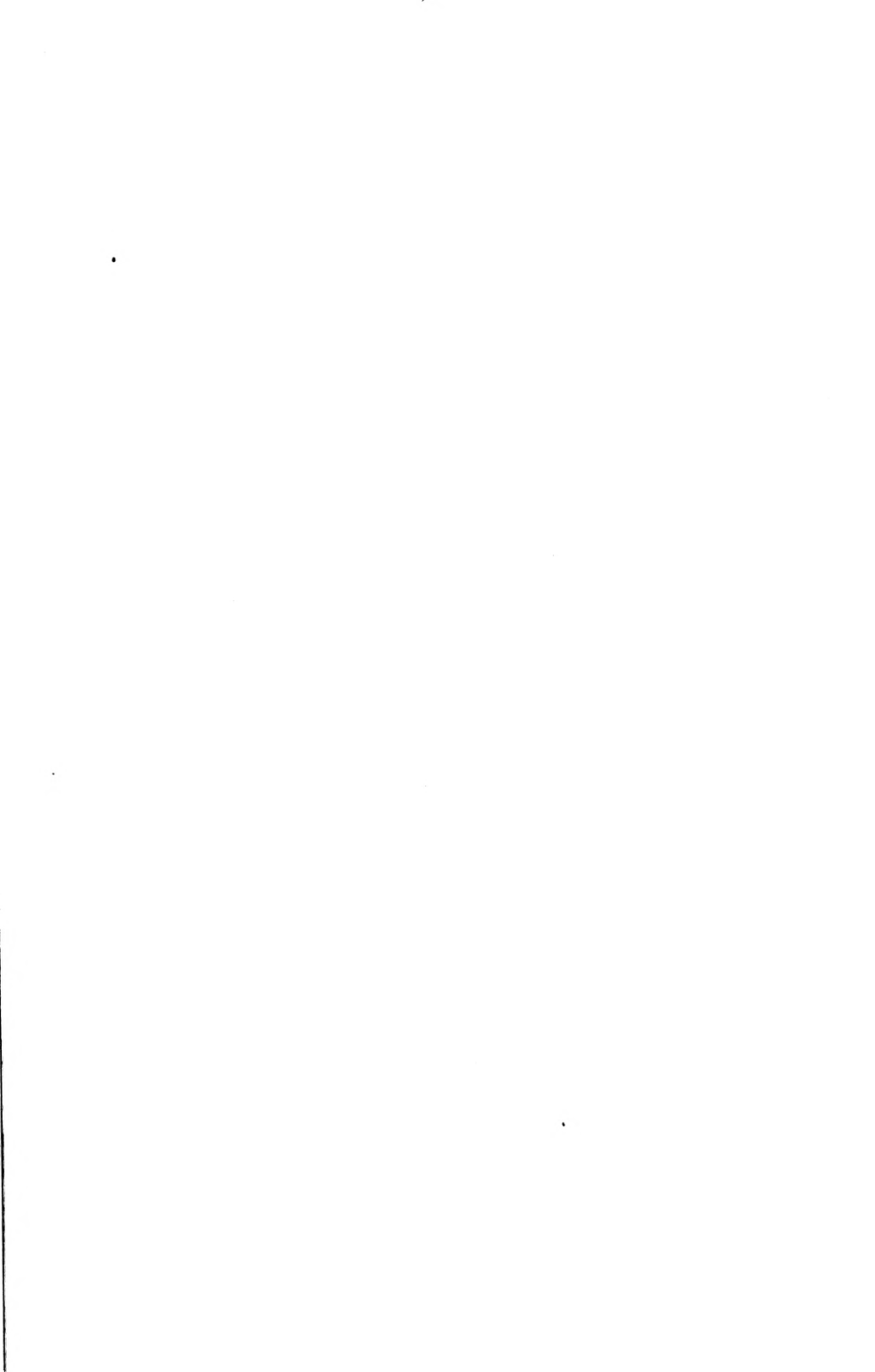














AN
ADDRESS,
DELIVERED AT THE
DEMOCRATIC WHIG FESTIVAL,
AT WILKES-BARRE, PENN.,
December 4, 1840.
IN HONOR OF THE ELECTION
OF
GEN. WM. HENRY HARRISON.

BY CHARLES MINER.

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WILKES-BARRE:
AMOS SISTY, PRINTER.

1841.

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Wilkes-Barre, December 3, 1840.

Hon. CHARLES MINER:

Dear Sir: At a meeting held on Friday afternoon, of those who listened to your address on the occasion of the Democratic Whig Festival, the undersigned were appointed a committee to communicate to you the following resolution, passed by the unanimous vote of the meeting.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the Hon. Charles Miner, for the able, eloquent, and appropriate address, delivered by him this day, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Very respectfully, your obedient servants,

A. SISTY,
A. O. CHAHOON,
WM. H. BUTLER.

Committee.

GENTLEMEN:

I am deeply sensible of your partial kindness, and that of the meeting, in estimating so favorably my address. Prepared by the desire of our Democratic Whig friends, I place it cheerfully at your disposal.

Very truly, your friend,

CHARLES MINER.

December 8, 1840.

Messrs. A. SISTY, A. O. CHAHOON, WM. H. BUTLER, *Committee.*

ADDRESS.

THIS is Freedom's holiday. You ask for a short address; I mean to deliver, what many may think, an extraordinary one. I shall speak right on, and right out, of principles and men; of parties and measures; please or offend whom it may,—regardless of what the world may call *policy*, governed simply by truth and justice.

And first, of our victory—the most complete and overwhelming recorded in our political annals. I do not regard it as a mere ordinary triumph of party, like those achieved occasionally in our own, and other states, where the *outs* overthrow the *ins*, and then proceed to administer affairs upon the same plan with their opponents. I consider it as a *great revolution*, involving principles of *deep interest*, and measures of *paramount importance*, to the welfare of the country, and the stability of the government. I would not lightly apply Scriptural language to party occasions; but in the sincerity of hearts, ever devoted to our country, we may declare with Paul, “Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory.” On this occasion, it would appear to me, that the hand of a Divine and protecting Providence, is as clearly manifest, in our deliverance, as it was in the Revolutionary struggle,—as it was in the guidance of our Fathers’ Councils in framing and adopting the Federal Constitution, or in directing our destinies in any great crisis which we may have passed since we became a nation.

But while with hearts deeply grateful to the Author of all good, we rejoice and are exceeding glad, let us with the most scrupulous delicacy, avoid any display of unmanly exultation, that might give pain or offence to our friends and fellow-citizens who may have differed from us. My private opinion was known, and published, that we should have no party celebration: Our friends thought otherwise, and unexpectedly called me to the Rostrom. I appear, ready for duty, as I have ever been from the commencement of the campaign.

I shall take a wide range and touch boldly, but briefly, many topics. Give me, I pray you, not only a patient but an indulgent hearing.

Our Fathers fought for Independence from Great Britain. In the turmoil of the ardent and uncertain conflict, little leisure occurred to consider the form of Government which should exist after Liberty and Peace should be achieved. From 1783 to '87, we had no General Government. The old Confederation remained a mere lifeless and impotent shadow, a mockery of power, imbecile, below contempt. The Federal Convention, over which Washington presided, after long and painful consultation, reported the present Federal Constitution: The admiration of the world! The object *now*, of universal regard and affection with all good men. The *old* will remember what the *young* should know, that the most fierce and alarming party contest, this country has ever known, grew out of the question, whether the Constitution should be adopted, or rejected by the States. The

party designations of the day, were *Federalists* and *Anti Federalists*. The Federal party with Washington at its head, advocated the adoption. The Anti Federal party with glowing zeal, urged the rejection of the plan. To such an extent of violence did the opponents go, that under the influence and in the presence of highly distinguished personages, the instrument was publicly burnt by the hands of the Common Hangman! Every possible evil was predicted of it, that could follow from the grossest and most profligate abuse of every granted power. Wiser councils prevailed. Experience almost instantly, and as if by magic showed forth the excellence of the new system. The designation of *Anti Federalists* became too unpopular to be endured; and the name of *Democrat*, recently introduced from France, was adopted in its stead, in the middle and Northern states, while the name of *Republican*, was assumed more generally in the South.

The Federal party prevailed at the elections. *Washington*, who combined in his character more and brighter virtues than ever gave fame to Roman Chief or Grecian Patriot, was called to preside. *Adams*, the Demosthenes of the Revolutionary Congress, who *kindled by his zeal, enlightened by his wisdom, and persuaded by his eloquence* to the most determined resistance to the tyranny of Great Britain, was chosen Vice President. The labours of the first four years of the Government were arduous in the extreme. The whole system being new, all the departments were to be organized: The foundations of the practical operation of the Government to be laid: a National Judiciary was to be organized. Diplomatic relations with foreign Governments to be established. Every measure demanding profound knowledge, and that wisdom, which not only should know that its measures were right, but tempered by conciliation and prudence, so as to render them acceptable in those states, which had reluctantly yielded so largely of their sovereignty, to the Union.

More than all, the finances of the country, sunk apparently to the bottomless pit of bankruptcy and contempt, were to be drawn up, “like drowned honour by the locks,” from their degraded depths.

Hamilton, a name which derives lustre from his achievements as a soldier, and imparts glory to his country from his unequalled financial integrity and talents, devised, and through the aid of a Federal Congress, carried through his plan for *funding* the Public Debt, restored, or rather *established*, the credit of the country, laid the foundations of our financial system so wisely, so broad, so deep, that without embarrassment, without any one citizen having felt a marvel’s weight of taxation, the holy debt of the Revolution has been paid, and the credit of the government raised to an elevation never surpassed in any nation in Europe, or the world! So perfect in all its parts was the scheme

of Hamilton, that no Secretary of the Treasury since, has attempted an alteration in its minutest details, without being compelled to retrace his steps, and to admit that the change was for the worse.

To the names of Washington, Adams, and Hamilton, I might add those of Ellsworth and Jay, Marshall and Pinckney, and an hundred others, equally pure; and then a thousand more whose valour and patriotism defended the cause of Liberty through the bloody scenes of the Revolution, or whose wisdom and eloquence afforded most efficient aid in council, whose patriotism was as pure as the Snows of Chimborazo, and whose hearts ever glowed with the warmest devotion for liberty. Thus sprung the Federal name into existence:—Such the men who were justly proud to bear it: Such were a few of the multitude, of glorious deeds, most honorable and most useful to the Republic, which they accomplished.

This brief sketch of the origin of the Federal name, I have made, because young and inexperienced conductors of the press, have proclaimed that *Federalism* for the first time in forty years, has triumphed; because, all through the contest, attempts have been made to fix on the Democratic Whigs, the name of *Federalists*, as an appellation of reproach and dishonour; and having myself been personally assailed, because I bore aloft the Federal Banner at the mast head, while a star was left to shine, or a stripe to flutter; I thought it proper to vindicate the name of that good old but long since demised party. And here, before Heaven, I declare, that, for myself, I have ever been in sentiment and action a true Democratic Republican in the best sense of those words—a true friend to liberty—a defender and supporter of the rights of the people, an enemy to Aristocracy and oppression—an advocate of equal laws, equal rights, equal privileges; and such, from a thorough knowledge of their character, principles, and conduct, do I boldly proclaim the great body of the Federal party, to have been. I do not say they never erred. Let the man, the party, or the administration, that can claim exemption from human error, cast the first stone. Of that party let me say, I sported with its childhood: I shed an honest tear upon its grave.

We have seen that a Federalist meant in its original signification.—A friend to the *Federal Constitution*. “We are all Federalists, We are all Republicans” said Mr. Jefferson. The name *Democrat*, now so universally popular, I may repeat, what most of you know, is derived from the two Greek words, “*Demos*” the *People*, “*kratein*” to *govern*. It is a beautiful word. Itself a maxim of soundest political faith. Seeing its popularity, ambitious, selfish, and unprincipled men, seized on the name, and by its force attempted to beguile the people, that they might more effectually usurp power. In the change of times and revolutions of parties, mark me well, ye who have traced their changes for the last forty years! *Extremes have met*. The high toned ultras of the old Federal party, attracted by kindred spirits, the ultras of the Democratic party, have united their fortunes, clubbed their influence and combined their power. Assuming the name and attempting to act as lead-

ers of the Democratic Party, they have by their want of principle and skill, involved the nation nearly in ruin, and aroused the slumbering energies of the people to arrest their course. The true Republicans, the moderate of all parties, the real Democratic Republicans in principle, and practice, have on the other hand, united in one great party of the people. So that, in honesty and truth, to the great Harrison Whig party, now successful; embracing three fourths of the people of the United States, belongs the name of *Democrats*. It is justly a popular, a beloved name. Whatever of unpopularity might be supposed to belong to the old Federal party, justly attaches to that large portion which connected itself with Jackson and Van Buren. To the true Democratic Whig press and all Whig politicians throughout the Union, I would say, one and all, “the name of Democrat is ours, don’t let the enemy get it away from us for an hour; keep it, use it. In any political contest it is worth a thousand votes in every ten thousand.” But this is a slight digression.

What shall I say of the next succeeding administrations? Not a word of disrespect, be assured. Far from it. I know full well that a large and respectable portion of the assembly I have the honour to address, are of the old school, Jefferson Democrats. Exercising the right of an independent citizen, I sometimes differed from him.—Though from some points of his character and policy I still dissent, yet as the author of the Declaration of Independence, his name commands my highest admiration, my heartfelt gratitude. His Inaugural Address; unsurpassed in beauty of style, sets forth most admirable maxims for the administration of government. The acquisition of Louisiana, giving us the whole of the Mississippi, and an unassailable Western Barrier, wreaths a chaplet of ever-enduring fame around his brow. The most splendid eulogy ever delivered by human lips, was that of Mr. Webster, on the decease of Presidents, Adams and Jefferson. In truth the Democratic Administrations, finding the constitution working very well in their hands, gradually adopted the best measures of their opponents, and made them their own. An independent Judiciary was sustained. The Navy, to their credit be it said, was rebuilt and increased, and in the last war, justly waged against the insufferable encroachments, of Great Britain, that old Federal arm of our power, well sustained the honour of the nation upon the ocean; while our beloved Harrison was adding new glory to our stars and stripes on land.

After Mr. Monroe’s term expired, new parties arose, new combinations were formed, several candidates were run for the Presidency. The election was thrown upon the House of Representatives, and Mr. Adams succeeded. Possessing a most powerful and acute mind, he grasped the largest subjects, with the same facility that he scanned and comprehended the minutest details, which became his duty or his pleasure to know. From long experience both in foreign and domestic affairs, every important question in which the government was interested, was to him perfectly familiar. He brought the whole weight of his great talents and experience to the administration of affairs, with a

firm and lofty determination to know no favourite, neither to exercise nor permit intrigue; to risk every thing before the people on a clear and faithful discharge of official duty. I may say not merely that I believe this, but that I know it to be true. It would appear to me that his administration approached as near perfection as human wisdom and patriotism could bring it. This testimony from me is not needed, The impartial world will not withhold the just verdict. But the fiat pronounced by Col. Johnson, that "tho' the administration were pure as Angels from Heaven, it must go out," had gone forth. The elements of opposition, led on by Mr. Van Buren, combined and conquered. General Jackson became President of the United States. And what were his politics? To what party did he belong? Was he a Federalist? was he a Republican? was he a Democrat? Not he! Of no party was he, or every party, as suited his interest or inclination. He was *Andrew Jackson*! That was his party. Having from nature and habit adopted, and ever acted on, the maxim, that

"Party like fortune, born to be controlled
Stoops to the forward and the bold."

From the beginning of his administration he resolved to be supreme Lord and master over all—setting Constitution and law, precedent and principles, at defiance, when they interfered with his sovereign and independent will. With him it was 'I by myself!' 'I Andrew Jackson will it.' Hence he treated Congress with less respect than the Stewarts ever dared to treat Parliament—Vetoed their Bills in greater numbers than any or all former Presidents put together—Gave them to understand that if they had applied to him, he would have told what Bills to pass that would have met his approbation; as if he had been the autocrat of all the Russias, and the Representatives of the People his vassals; and when it accorded better with his frame of temper, he would not even condescend to return Bills passed by both Houses, with his reasons, but thrust them contemptuously into his breeches pocket. Do you remember the repeated disruptions of his Cabinet? And their causes? The high handed measure of the removal of the Deposites? The violation of all decency in fixing a quarrel on the Vice President for an old grudge he bore him! Marvellous, that such conduct did not awaken at once, a feeling of universal odium and disgust, among this intelligent and wise community! But the very boldness of his measures created a momentary popularity. Brave themselves, the first impression among the multitude was approbation of the high spirit displayed. But he proceeded, made war on the Bank of the United States, which he crushed by his power, and at the same time on the credit of the country.

It may be supposed that such a character, so prompt to act, so decided, so energetic, deserves at least the praise of acting independently and from the influence of his own judgment. Not so. The passionate man, easily excited, is more easily governed by favorites, than the mind slow to act, and of placid temper—as the ship

in a gale running rapidly, is governed by a slight motion of the rudder, while the vessel scarcely moving, on an untroubled sea, refuses to answer to her helm.

Unprincipled flatterers—fawning sycophants, who sought and won favor by adulating those whom the President hated—stood ready, pliant knives, to minister to his vanity—do his bidding—and promote their own selfish designs. [*] They proclaimed that he was "wisest and best"—that "he was born to command"—that he had filled the measure of his Country's glory, and applauded his matchless wisdom till the sickened ear of honest credulity began to nauseate the abject homage; and He, himself, seemed verily to think, he must be a superior being—a little Deity on Earth—a strain of Mars with a smart cross of Jupiter!

Thus surrounded and misled, is it any wonder the sober voice of truth found no avenue to his ear, or that the true situation of his suffering country could make no just impression on his heart?

I do confess, when witnessing his deeds—marking the devastation and ruin consequent on his measures—the applause of the thoughtless—much more—the apathy, if not approbation, of more intelligent multitudes; there arose in my breast most mournful forebodings for the cause of Liberty and my Country.

Having by his influence, secured the succession to his favorite, the Hero retired to the Hermitage. The chief evils suffered in Mr. Van Buren's Administration, are justly to be ascribed to the misconduct of General Jackson, who sowed the wind and left his successor and favorite, to reap the whirlwind.

"I leave you a prosperous and happy people,"—said the Hero. Scarcely had he spoken and retired, when a mighty crash was heard.—Ruin came 'rushing again down' upon our devoted Country—and all, or nearly all the Banks in the Union were compelled to suspend specie payments—confidence was destroyed—credit every where impaired, and business at a stand! Did ever a Nation before sustain such a shock from the mismanagement of their rulers! Mr. Van Buren had never the nerve—the energy to do half this mischief, had he been so ill disposed. While the Hero dashed his Cabinet to pieces, as Napoleon shattered the vase of Coëntzel, Mr. Van Buren endured, for the chief part of his term a Cabinet which he had never chosen—which he feared—a part of which he

* I beg it may be distinctly understood, that in applying harsh appellations to the men who have done so much evil, I do not mean to include the great body, or any considerable portion of our opponents. In public or private life, they are as virtuous, as patriotic, as we are. This concession, they do not need at my hands. My belief is, that not ten in a thousand of the Van Buren party in Luzerne approved the course public affairs had been running, but thought it better to bear the evil until they could remedy it themselves, rather than leave their firm party organization, obviously of great interest for them to preserve.

hated. A cunning manager—an adroit tactician—a subtle and shrewd politician—such are the terms that rightly designate his character.

The victory, therefore, in its vast importance—in its overwhelming magnitude—is to be regarded rightly and truly as a victory over the *despotic principles* and ruinous measures of *Jacksonism*. In this light does its chief lustre and cheering influence consist. It is the ‘sober second thought’ of a misled, but virtuous people. It presents the animating spectacle of a nation, recovering from the wildest phrensy of political man-worship, returning to the sober paths of truth and reason. The inebriation of passion has passed away! Delusion has lost its power to deceive! The wildering voice of bold ambition can charm no longer! Patriotism and virtue resume their sway, and the whole posse of imposture, machiavelism and mischief, are swept away by the irresistible power of a great nation, rising in the majesty of its strength. A majority of nearly 150,000 free and independent voices—sounding from the mountains of the west—booming up from the sweet valleys of the South—echoing in harmonious accord from northern and eastern hills, come like the ‘rushing of mighty waters’ in their strength, with ‘tidings of great joy,’ and proclaim utter and irreversible condemnation, upon the whole system of *Jacksonian despotism and disorganization*. ‘Tell it in Gath’—publish it in Askelon,—the spoilers and their principles are repudiated forever!!

And to whom, mainly, next to the People themselves, do honor and gratitude justly belong, for this signal deliverance?

This leads me to speak of some of our prominent political friends. While the Whig press has every where done its duty, steadily and firmly; while numerous individuals in every State of the Union, have constantly lifted up their voices against the usurpations of the Executive: yet to those distinguished and active men in Congress, whose duties have placed them in the front rank of the battle, the country is under high and more especial obligation. Allow me to mention a few! Nay, you will expect it from me, and hear them named with pleasure. And first, beginning with the sun, Mr. Webster is presented to our notice. Of his rare endowments—his extraordinarily capacious mind—his unequalled powers of analysis and ratiocination—his profound judgment—his glowingly fervid imagination, when he pleases to give rein to his fancy; and his impressive eloquence: to speak of these, is but to repeat trite themes familiar to every school-boy. Few have been more honored by the love and confidence of the wise and good. Few have paid more largely the debt which envy and detraction demand from eminence. I have sometimes thought the very greatness of Mr. Webster, in some degree, an injury to him, by leading the public mind to consider him as consequently proud, cold and distant. Such is a great error. When deeply engaged in questions of magnitude, his whole soul seems, for the time, absorbed, as if he had called home every power for the conflict. But when not engaged, a more simple, playful, mirthful man withal, does not exist. Childhood does not sport among its mates with

more simple gaiety. His heart seems all goodness. New-England never produced a truer Republican or sounder Democrat. His father, and he delights to tell it, occupied a log cabin on the then confines of the wilderness leading to the Hampshire Grants, where he swung the axe and scythe; and, if report says true, brought down many a noble buck with his trusty rifle. In fact he is one of our American woods-boys, who has raised himself by dint of merit and exertion, to the high eminence he sustains. If the man lives who deserves the popular confidence and universal esteem for his republican principles, simplicity and virtues, that man is DANIEL WEBSTER.

Next in order comes Mr. Talmadge, of New-York, the distinguished conservative, to whom, more than any other individual, we are indebted for the revolution in the Empire state, and the pride and pleasure of having New York, record her solemn verdict against the measures and policy of Jackson and Van Buren.

Senator Southard; (I love to speak the name of that eminent statesman.) Of him it is difficult to say whether his high mental powers—his admirable talents, as a public debater—his long experience in public affairs, command most admiration and confidence; or his pleasing manners and popular address, most win our applause. Not only should he be regarded as the pride and hope of New Jersey, but of the Nation. The Broad Seal of that Patriotic State derives new sacredness and lustre when vindicated by her distinguished son.

Our own John Sergeant, as we advance, is next presented to our view, the universal object, among all good Whigs, of pride, respect and affection. At quite an early age, Mr. Sergeant entered into public life—so long ago as when Governor M’Kean was in the Executive Chair, and the seat of government was at Lancaster. Almost continually since that time, never seeking office, but yielding to the urgent solicitations of his fellow citizens, at immense pecuniary sacrifices, Mr. Sergeant has been kept in our public councils. Few abler men have ever been produced in this nation: None more faithful. In acuteness of perception, comprehensiveness of view—soundness of judgment—close and cogent reasoning, he compares more readily with Mr. Webster, than any speaker I have ever heard. His industry is indefatigable. Prompt—full of resources—skillful to defend—impetuous in attack, he is a powerful advocate and most formidable adversary. After so long and faithful services in Congress, common justice would seem to unite with sound policy, in indicating the propriety of a call to a more elevated station. The Key Stone, with all the strength of her Arch, with pride and pleasure will back him.

Of Mr. Rives, the eminent Virginian conservative, though not now in Congress, I must speak. He was formerly a member; and for several years, was our Minister to France, where he negotiated the treaty by which that Nation has paid us for spoliation on our commerce, several millions of dollars. Believing Mr. Van Buren to be in error, Mr. Rives, conscientiously separated himself from him and his party, declining all honours and offices which the Executive, to retain his influence, would have lib-

erally bestowed. Early and boldly he denounced the measures of the Administration, as leading to the ruin of his country. Patriotism so pure—talents so distinguished—and services to the great cause of Reform, so efficient, demand and will receive the public gratitude.

Senator Preston of South Carolina, the fearless—the faithful—the eloquent: we cannot pass him by. When his eminently gifted colleague—the pride of his friends—and he had many; the hope of a large portion of his country—the admiration of all; took the extraordinary step to secede from his associates, by whose side he had contended, with such pre-eminent ability—the Achilles of our host, against Executive usurpation; when he chose to form a coalition with his ancient, and as was thought, implacable enemy, Sorrow marched hand in hand with Surprise! Mistaken man! How deeply to be deplored! *Then!* (his colleagues having gone over with their chief.) Senator Preston, left to combat alone; true as Southern courage—firm as Southern honour—remained at his post, and still manfully battled for Reform. It was gallantly, by Jove, it was nobly done!

In Tennessee, a *Bell* solemn and sonorous, has rung far and wide the changes of *Reform! Reform!* Like the gallant Marmion, he has

“Bearded the Lion in his den,
The Douglass in his Hall.”

Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the Hero to sustain his *protege*, even his own State, glorious Tennessee! has given 13,000 majority against him! And what citizen need covet a prouder eulogy than this fact pronounces on that early and efficient conservative!

Henry Clay, the great Western luminary—the object of all our reverence and love, remains to receive the just homage of our grateful hearts. “The observed of all observers”—the man, whose course for nearly 40 years has been one bright track of glory. Eulogy becomes impotent to praise him. Throughout, not only our own country, but the reading and civilized world, his name is on every tongue, when America is the theme of discourse. Every page of our history for two thirds the period since our happy government was formed, bears the impress of his devoted patriotism—glowing eloquence, and efficient services.—The mediator—the conciliator—the peace-maker—the patriot—the orator—the Statesman—these are not words thrown out at random. Every one has its distinct application, in the just delineation of his character.

The great Eastern and Western Whig Reformers, stand like the pillars of Hercules, and support the bright arch of their country's freedom and glory.

For twelve dark years of phrensied misrule and ruin, have these with their fellow patriots in Congress, battled side by side, hoping against hope, contending for the rights of the people against official violence and successful usurpation—dissipating the sophistries by which ingenuity sought to defend the new and revolutionary theories of government. They proclaimed, with prophetic sagacity, the evils that naturally

and certainly must follow the adoption of Jackson's fanatical schemes; thus bringing on their devoted heads the sharpest fire from the body of Swiss mercenaries that surrounded the Executive. For a while, and a long while, the people, as if in a trance, seemed to turn a deaf ear—while the political cormorant—the vulture and the wolf, prowled about and made havoc of the public treasury. The increase in public expenditures had become enormous!—The defalcations, (in other words, direct robberies) of the treasury, appalling! The sums wasted on favourites, who had here and there and every where, fastened themselves to the public crib made the heart ache to behold them. All these joined in wild but accordant clamour to brow-beat—to decry—to defame every patriot who dare expose the true state of affairs. But the Whig Reformers in Congress nobly persevered till at length the day star of Hope arose. One conservative after another, the loved and lamented White, Bell, Rives, Clark, and Talmadge, came out, renounced and denounced the miserable humbug, (if I may use so low a word because most appropriate) of Jacksonian imposture. Dawn of day followed.

Like bread cast upon the waters, the fruit of their labours returned after many days. The People, through their faithfulness, have been advised. The People, by their repeated expositions, have been informed. The People, by their soul stirring appeals, have been aroused—till at length, laying aside party prejudices—repudiating sectional jealousies, glorious to behold! the people have risen like the sleeping Lion from his lair—shaking the dew drops from his mane, and have marched in the majesty of their strength to overwhelming victory!

And who are the distinguished citizens, whose virtues and talents were so pre-eminent, that they were selected by the great Reform Party, to lead the van, and bear aloft our Banner in the contest?

For Vice President we have chosen *John Tyler* of Virginia. He is in manners, a true gentleman of the old Virginia School, social, yet dignified; learned without pedantry; simple and unaffected—scrupulously delicate of the feelings of those with whom he may have intercourse; and while he maintains what he deems right with Spartan firmness, he ever treats his opponents with most respectful deference. Largely experienced in State and National affairs, from the execution of the numerous offices, which the people of his native State, knowing his great moral worth and eminent abilities, have from time to time conferred upon him, he brings to the elevated and honorable station, all those high qualifications which give while they receive lustre from the office. As a speaker, I may say, for I have often heard him, he is impassioned, persuasive and convincing. In this great Revolution it is a circumstance to awaken national pride and patriotic pleasure that the Chair of Senate—august seat! is restored to its ancient dignity.

Of General Harrison, our great leader, I shall attempt no labored eulogy: what before the election might have been properly said in de-

fending him from the poisoned shafts levelled at his devoted head, would now, since he is victorious, bear an aspect of flattery. He has been tried, as by fire; and like gold has come from the furnace purer and brighter. Faction has done its worst; falsehood has exhausted its inventions; Malice has hurled the last of her poisoned arrows in vain. It is a most extraordinary fact, considering human frailty, or accidental errors, that a life so long and actively devoted to public affairs, civil and military, bringing him in contact with thousands of new men, every year, should have been passed, and when reviewed and faults hunted out with lynx-eyed malice and terrier fierceness, that nothing absolutely nothing, should be found against him, for friendship to lament with a sigh—or charity to pass over with a tear. Not a mark, not a stain tinges the pure ermine of his virtues either as a man, a statesman or a soldier. Where is there another man that could sustain such an ordeal! As a citizen—moral, generous and hospitable. As a Statesman, intelligent, sagacious, firm. Considering the early age he entered the army, surprise is excited to know where he could have acquired, that large fund of knowledge of the American Constitution—laws, policy and interest, he has displayed on every fitting occasion. Besides the intelligence and wisdom exhibited in negotiating thirteen or fourteen treaties, (*As*, the sole Commissioner) with separate Indian tribes, when Governor of Indiana; we find him, from the first, when in Congress, acting with the wisest and greatest, yet at all times holding apparently without effort, the most respectable station—breast and breast with the ablest, as a debater, appealing often to the policy of the Ancient Republics, by way of illustrating his arguments, as if, instead of the tent and the log-cabin, the ambush and the fight, his life had been passed in philosophic ease and literary leisure, fitting himself to cope with the proudest statesmen and learned lawyers of the Senate. [†] This simple view gives, justly, a very elevated idea of his capacity. Undoubtedly he is shown by the facts disclosed in the canvass, beyond what his friends dared to hope—to be a very able Statesman. His modesty alone, the true attribute of high merit, has heretofore prevented his taking some, the common and warranted means, of setting his character in its just light before the People. We might rest his eulogy as a *Soldier* on eleven words. "He fought many battles! always

and every where victorious!—never defeated!"

While speaking of his character—the Election in the West: the opinions especially of his near neighbors and intimate companions, demand a moment's notice.

Among the most pleasing reflections to which the returns have given rise are those derived from the elections in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, the charges of cowardice, oppression and cruelty, having their origin and location in those States. It was as a member of Senate, in Ohio, that he was said to have given the cruel and odious vote, to sell poor white men into slavery for debt. What answer has Ohio given to this charge? We read it in the unexampled verdict of 23,361 majority for this humane and excellent man for President of the Republic!

Of Indiana he was Governor, and it was alleged that while in that station he supported measures to deprive poor men from voting. What answer has Indiana given to this cruel charge? A verdict of 15,000 majority for this excellent and upright citizen to be President of the United States!

But the Kentuckians were with him in the hour of severe trial at Tippecanoe. It was Kentucky that presented him the unequalled compliment of adopting him as a citizen that he might command her militia. The brave Kentuckians were with him at Fort Meigs. The brave Kentuckians were with him at his great victory on the Thames over Proctor, for which Congress voted him public thanks and a Gold Medal. It was in these campaigns that the blighting charge was laid against him of cowardice. What answer have the chivalrous, generous sons of Kentucky given to the charge?

A verdict of 25,863 for the old Hero and Patriot to be President of the United States!

These results, I do not bring forward as matters of triumph; though certainly as causes of unaffected joy; but to show hundreds of good men, who opposed Gen. Harrison, that those charges, were founded in error, and the way is therefore now open, to withdraw all future opposition, and unite in his support.

The great Revolution which has been achieved, will create a sensation throughout all Europe, like an electric shock. It will be felt in every Court from St. James to the Divan at Constantinople. Tyrants will turn pale at this simple and beautiful vindication of Republican Institutions; while the countenances of the liberal will every where be lighted up with joy. The ballot box—the ballot box, the peaceful means of Republican Revolution! European Despots of the Bayonet will view it with amazement. People of Europe, ye, who sigh for Liberty, look upon it with admiration and hope!!

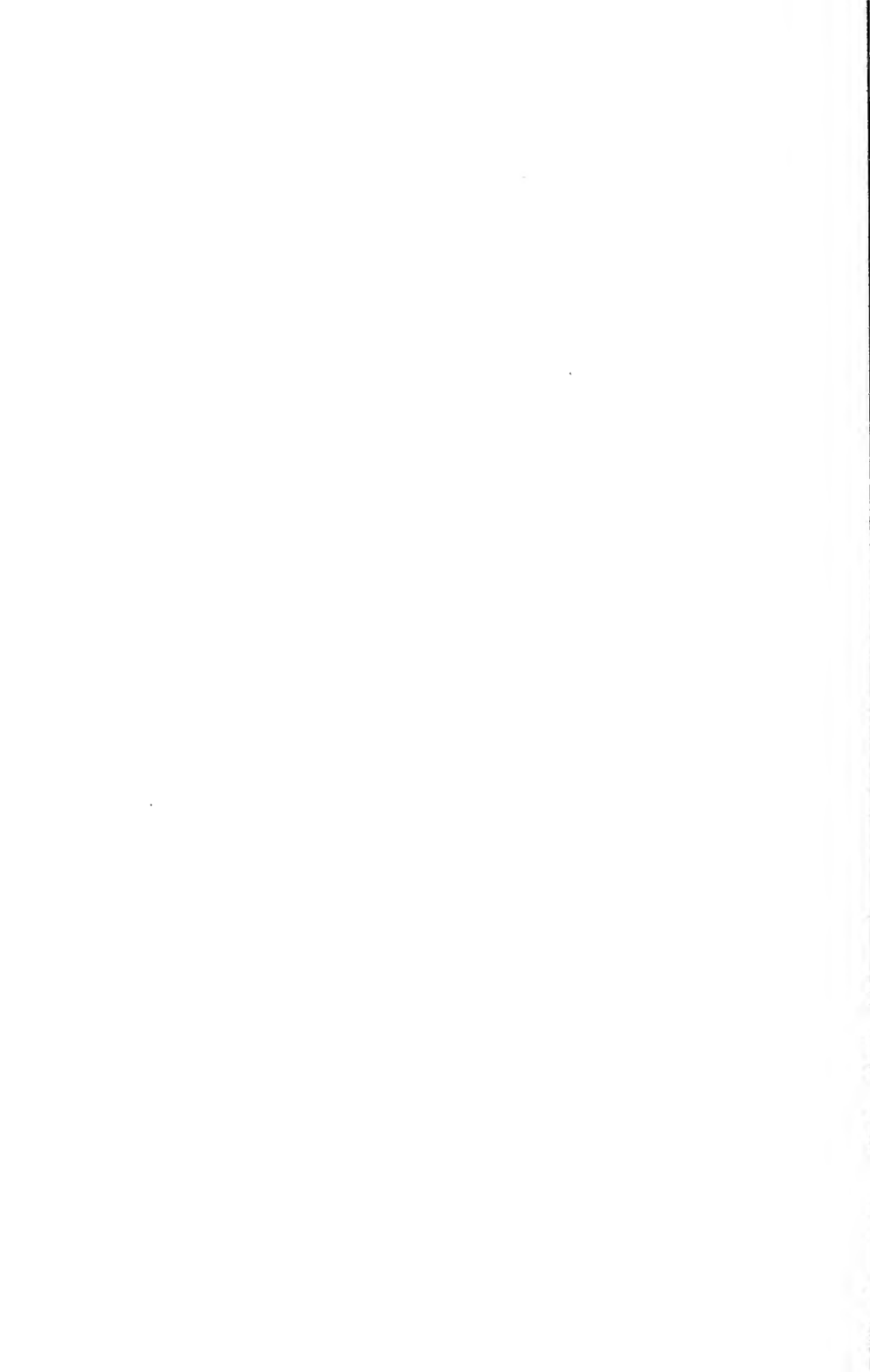
Wisdom and conciliation, mingled with firmness, will be demanded of the new administration. We may repose entire confidence in our beloved leader, the Washington of the West. Under his auspices we may confidently look for Retrenchment and Reform in the affairs of the Government, and a restoration of prosperity and happiness to the people.

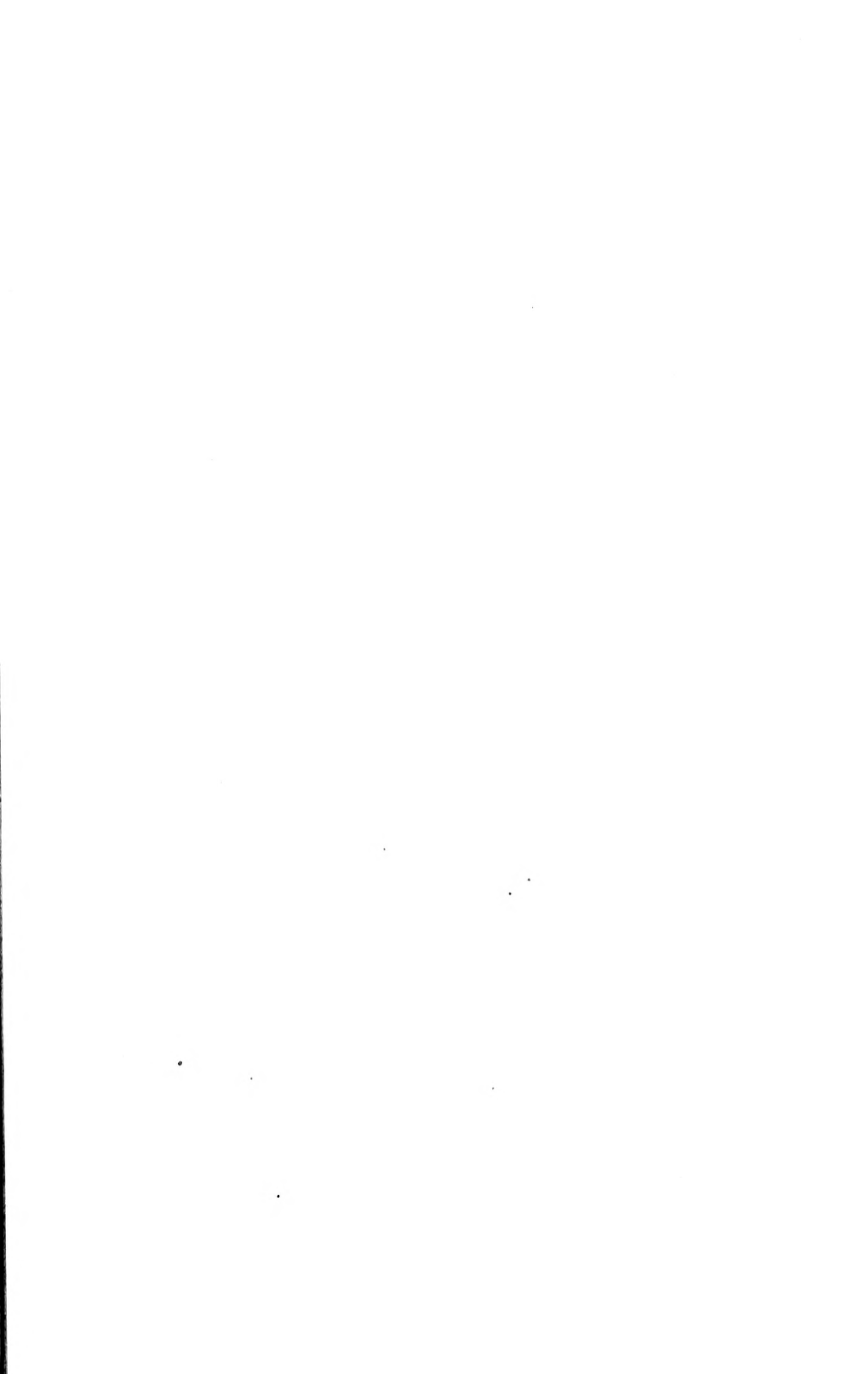
† A pleasing anecdote will illustrate his classical reading and readiness of application. I once remarked to him, that a night attack, by Savages, with their horrid yells, appeared to me the most terrific aspect in which war could be presented, and asked him if he did not find it so at Tippecanoe? The general smiled and began his reply by repeating the lines from Homer,

"Dispel this cloud—the light of Heaven restore,
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more."

He added that, fierce as was the attack, the firmness of his officers and men left him nothing to fear, and assured him of victory.

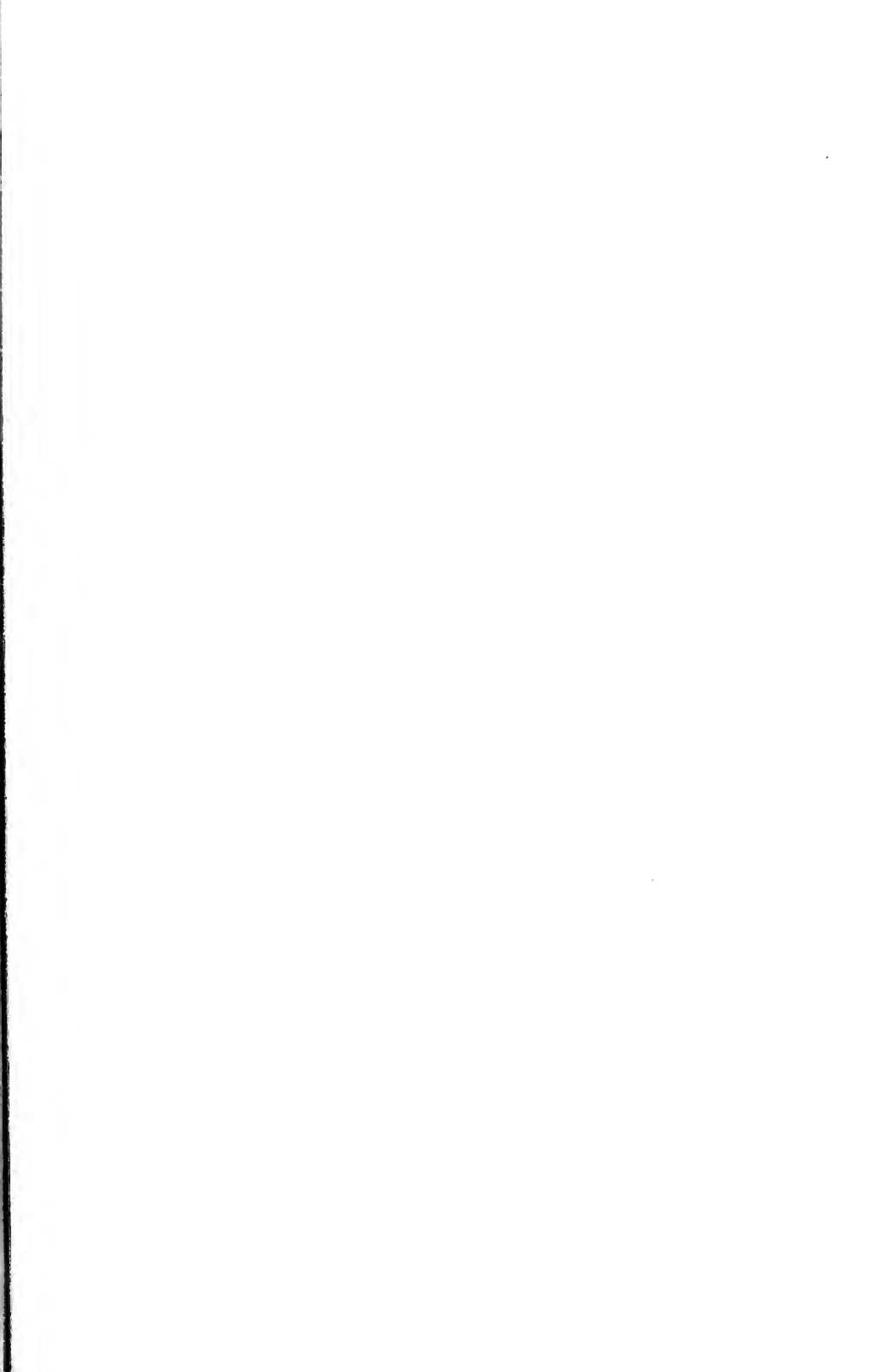


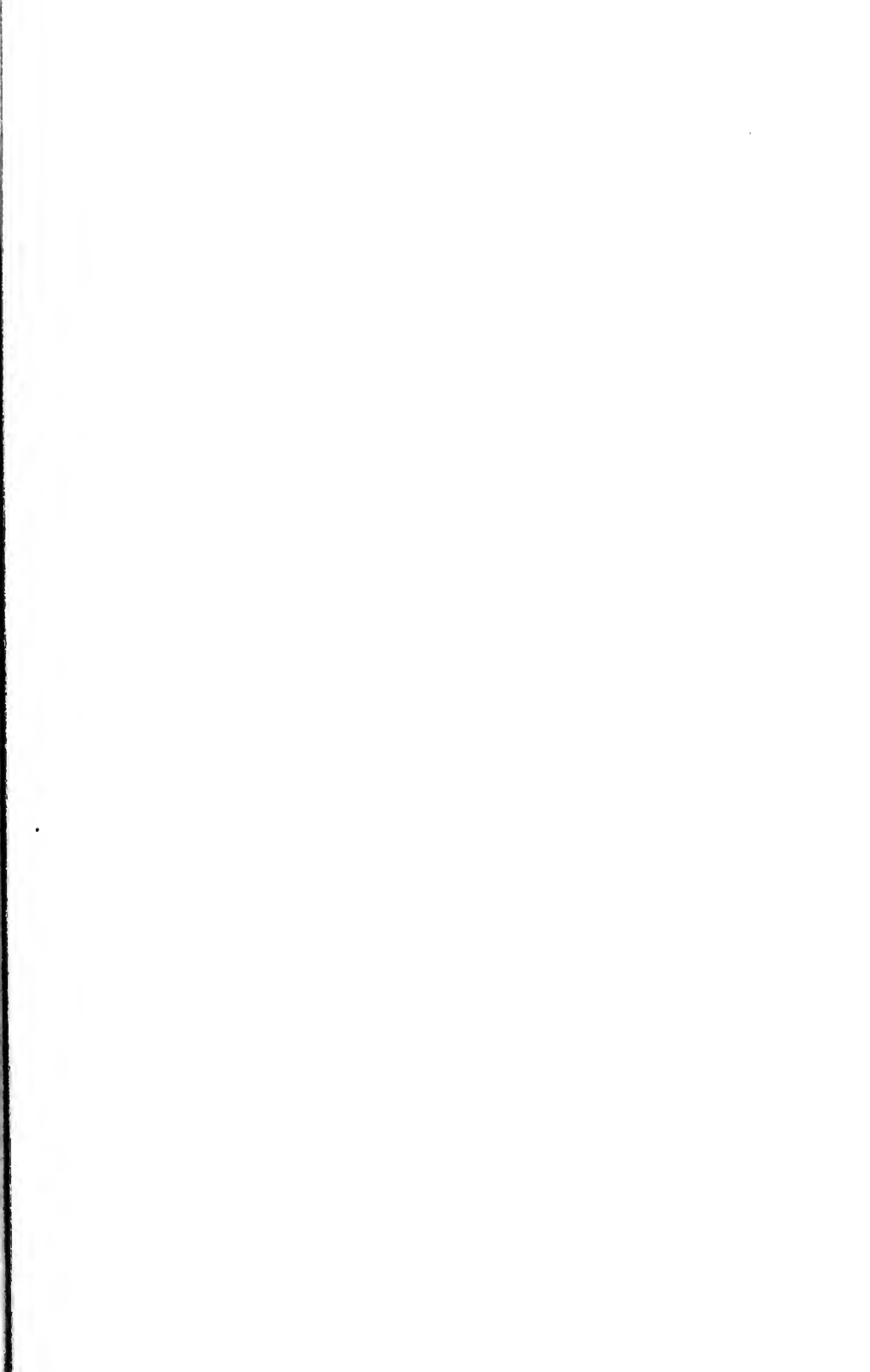


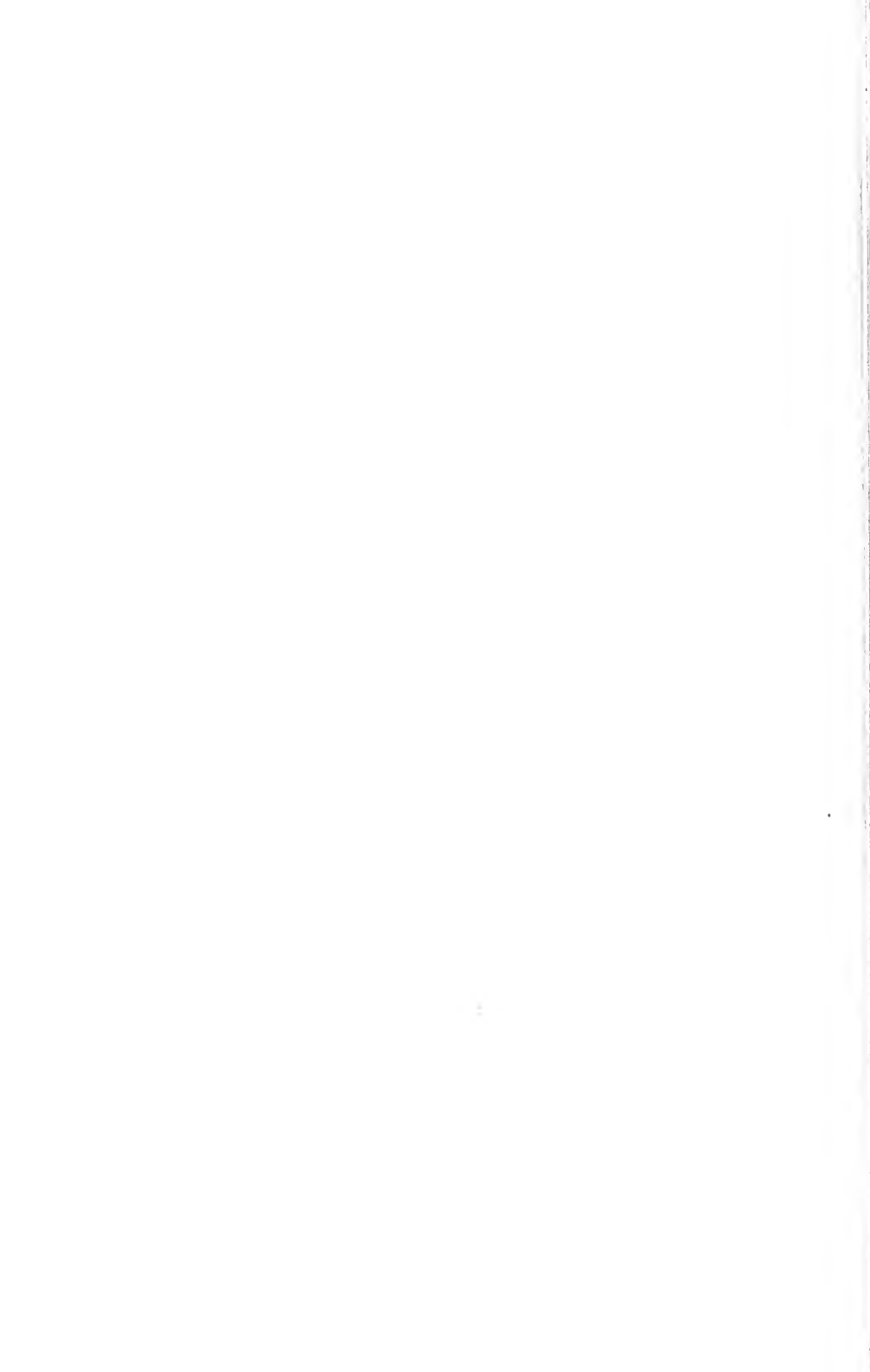


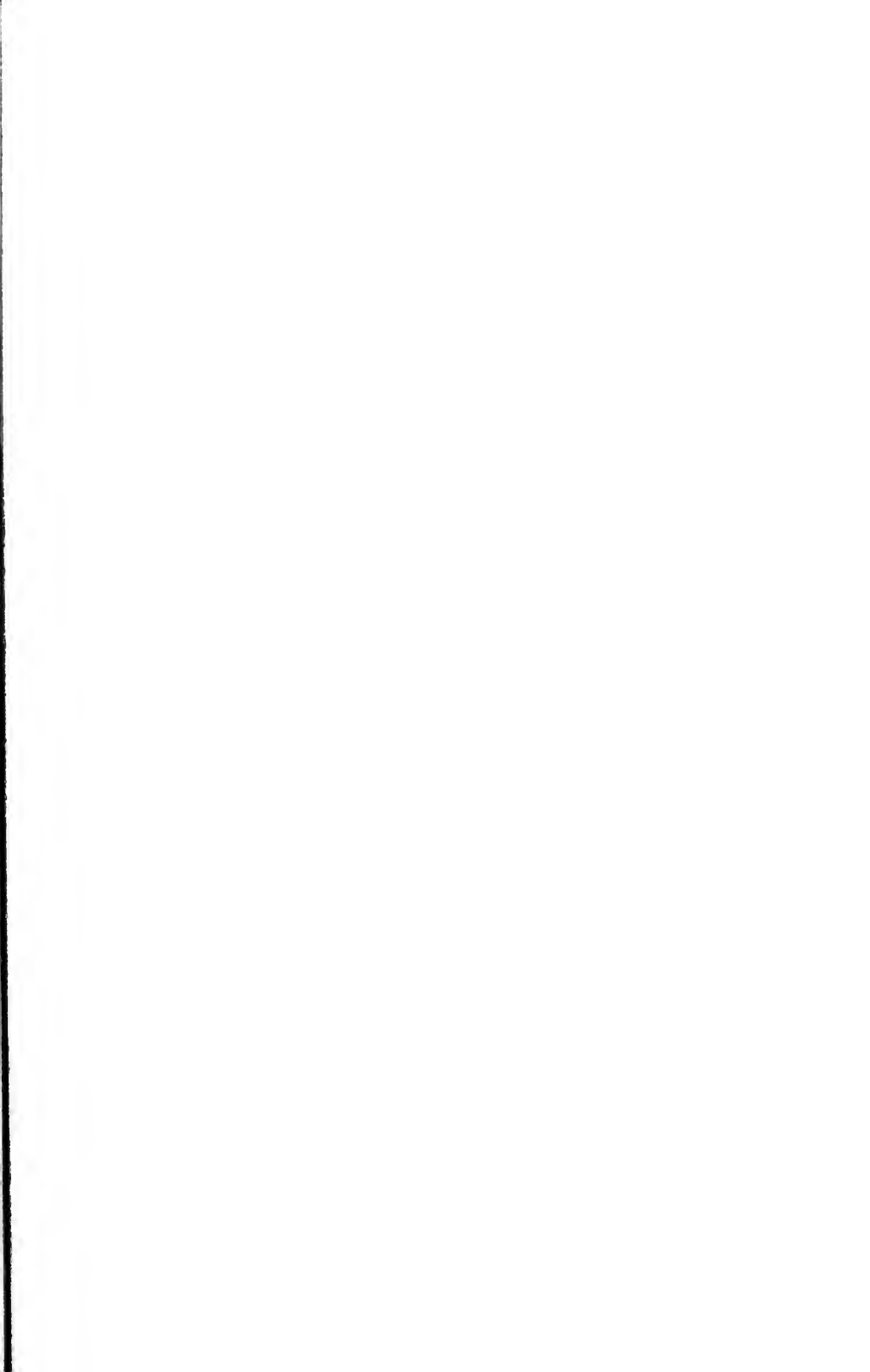












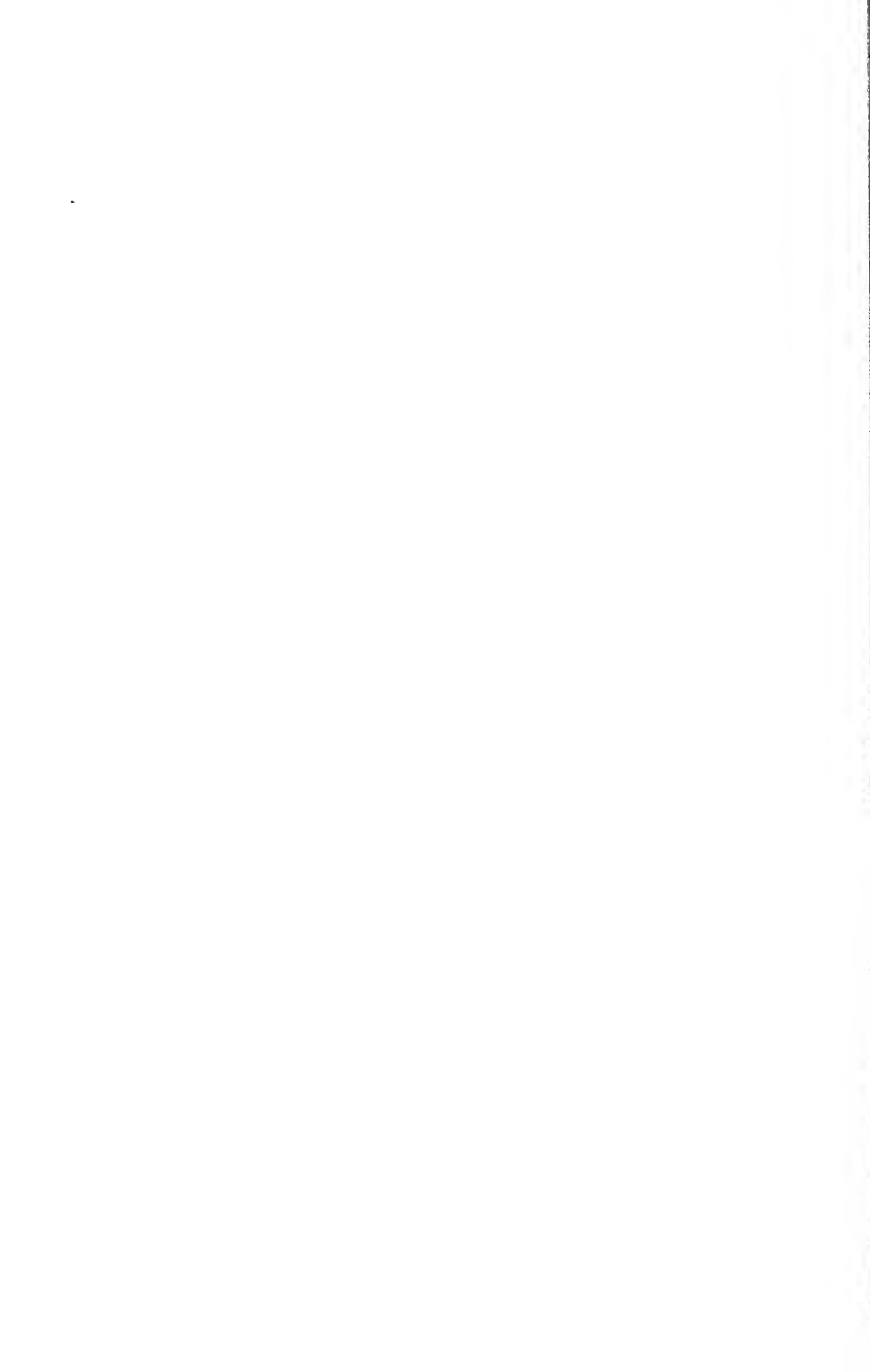


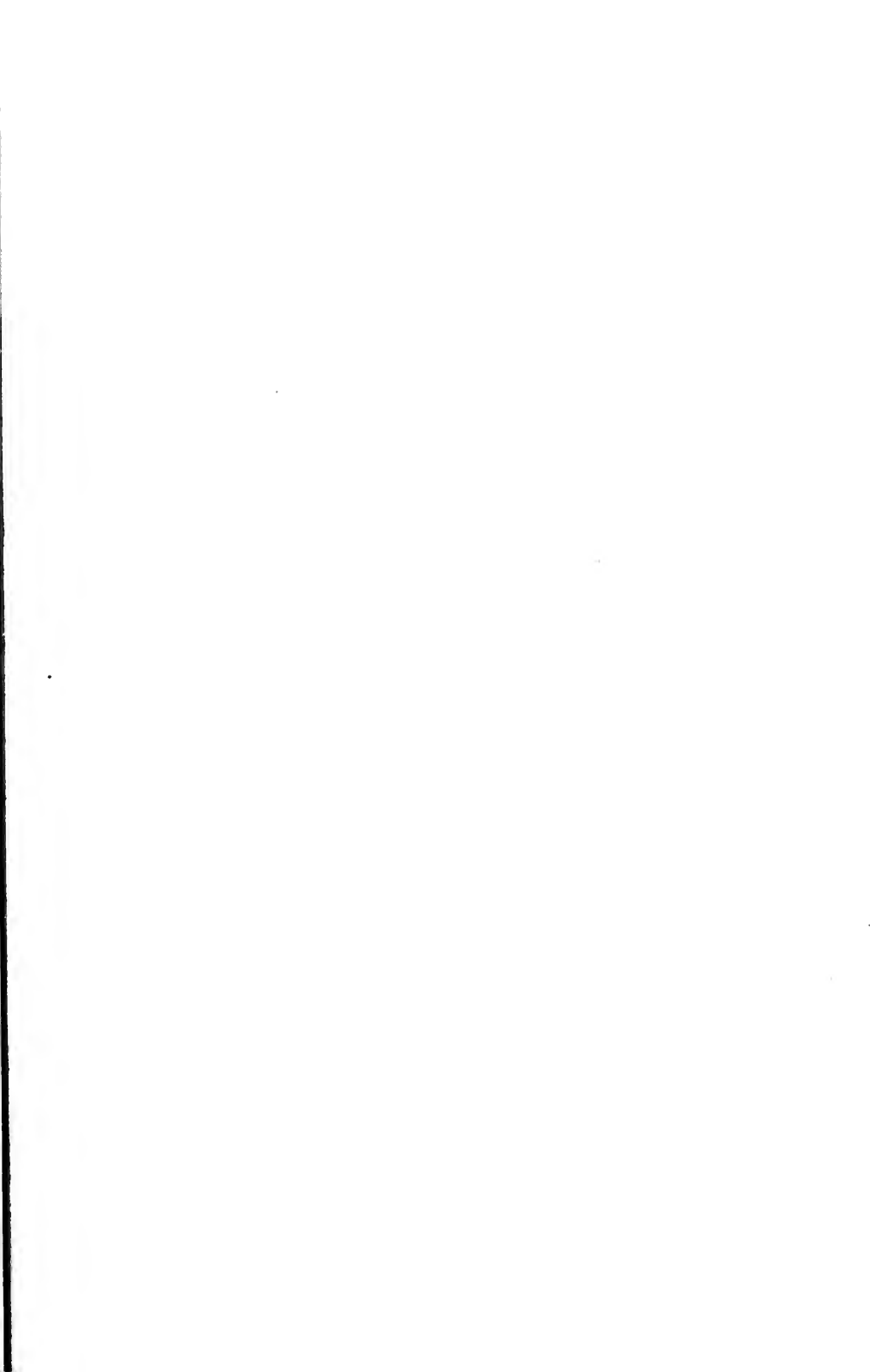


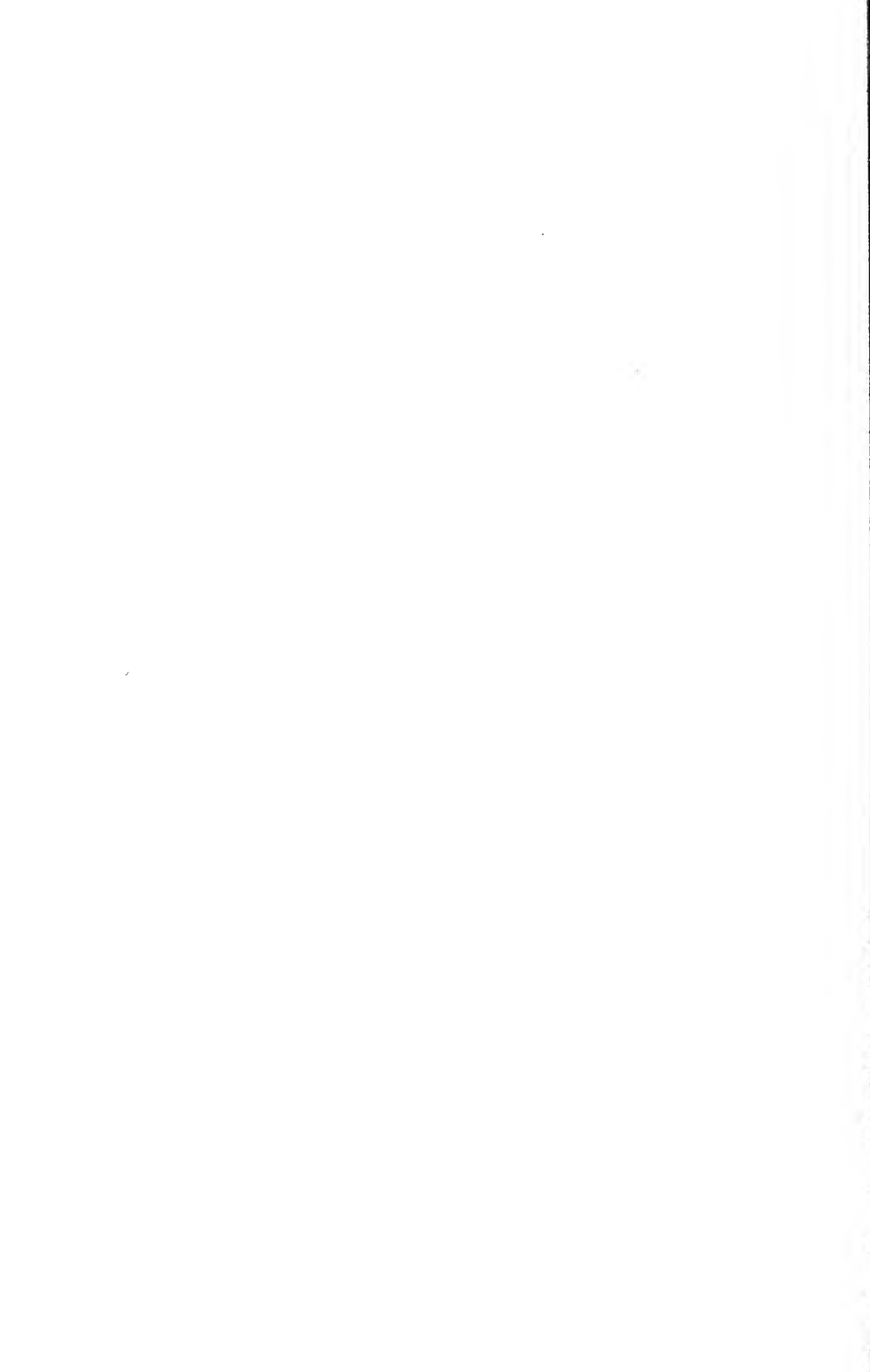


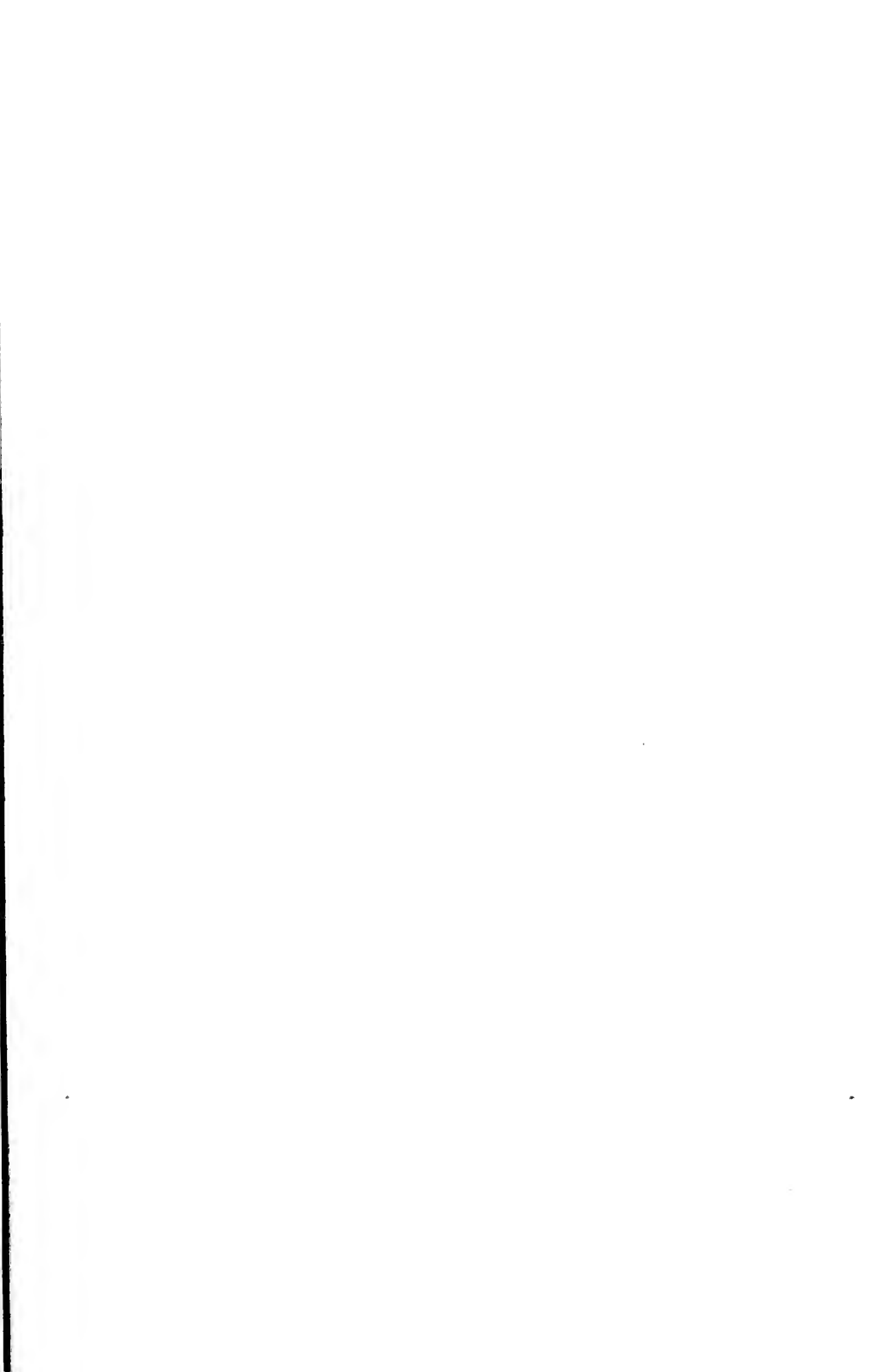


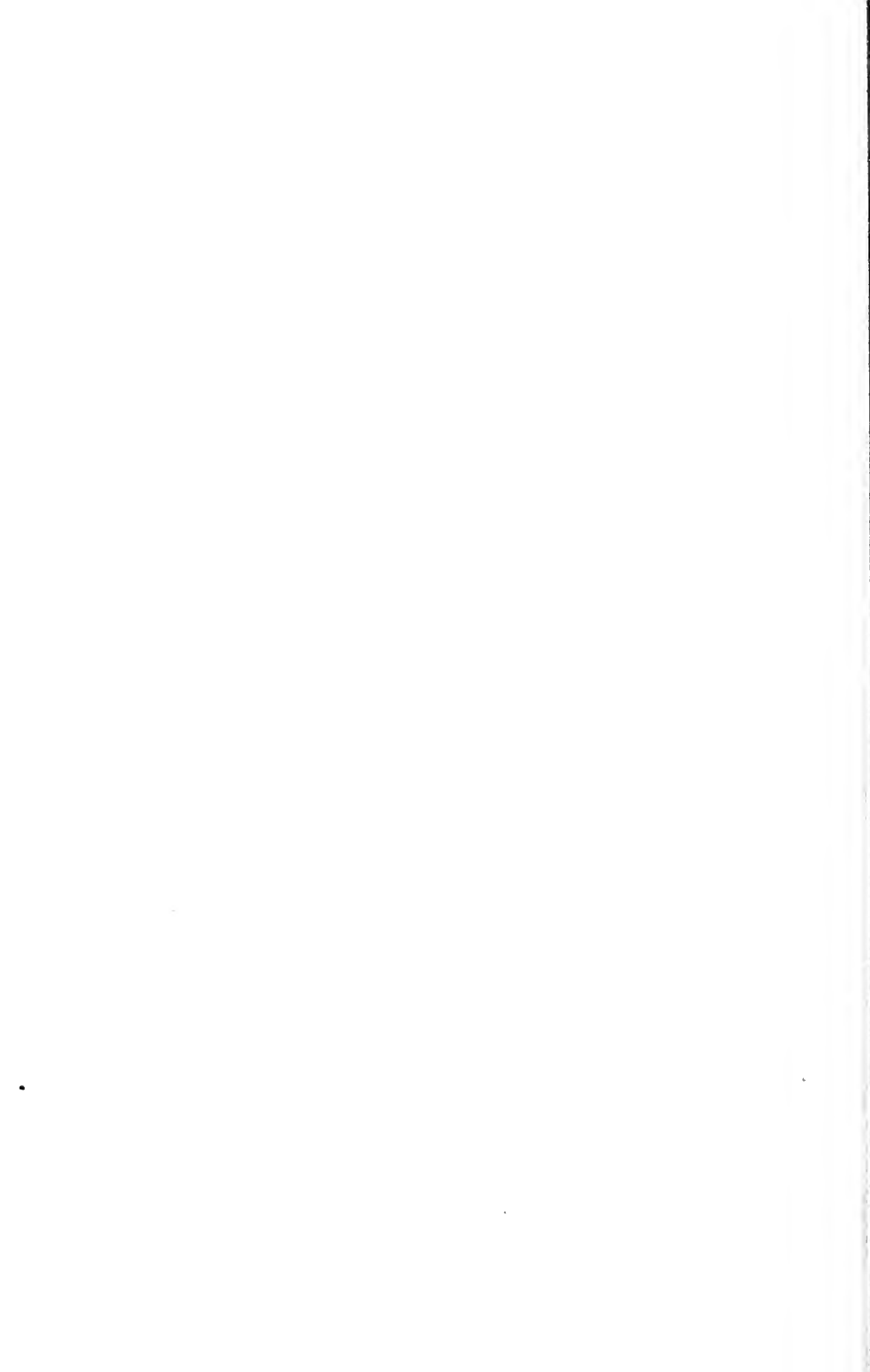


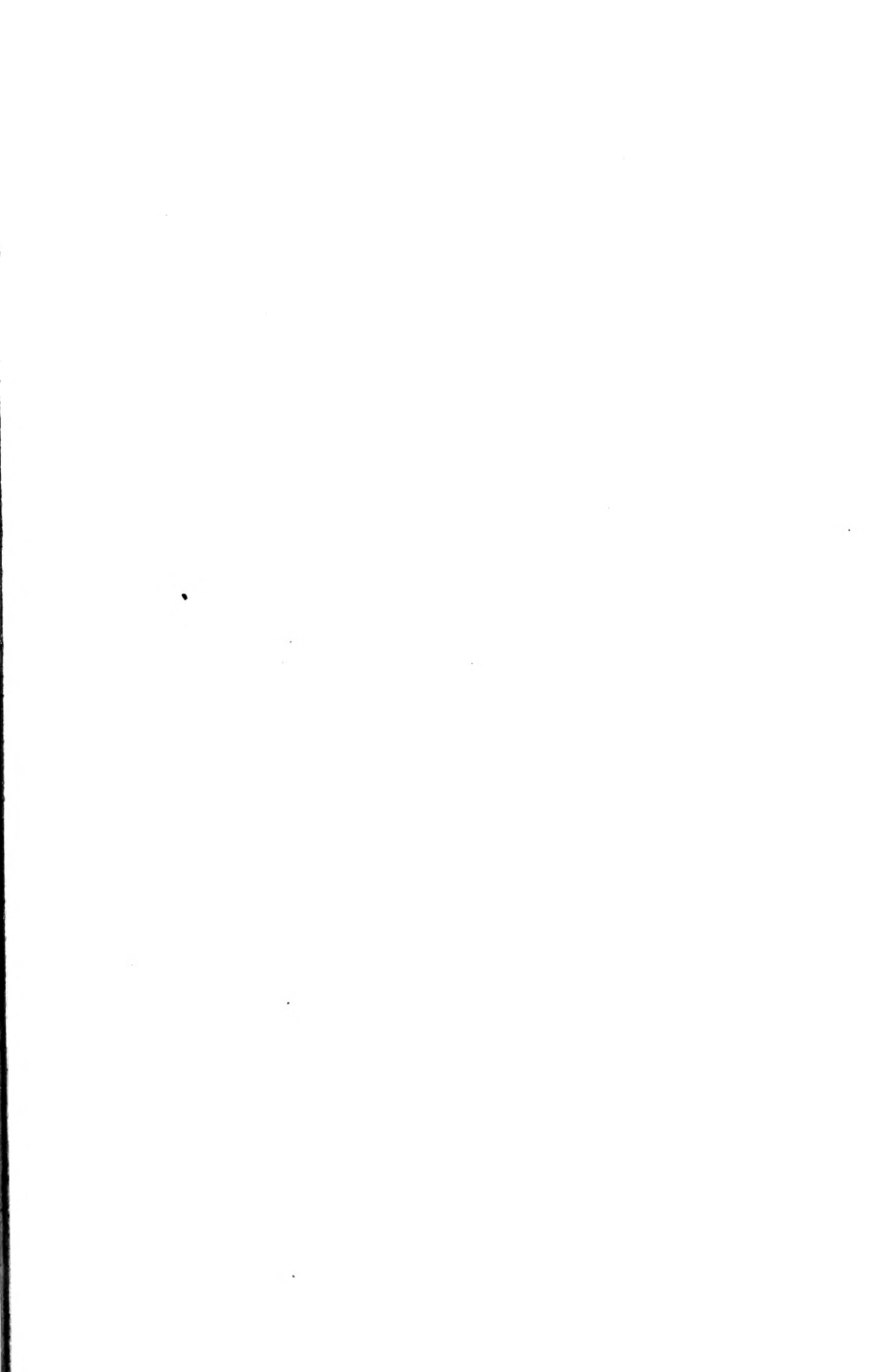






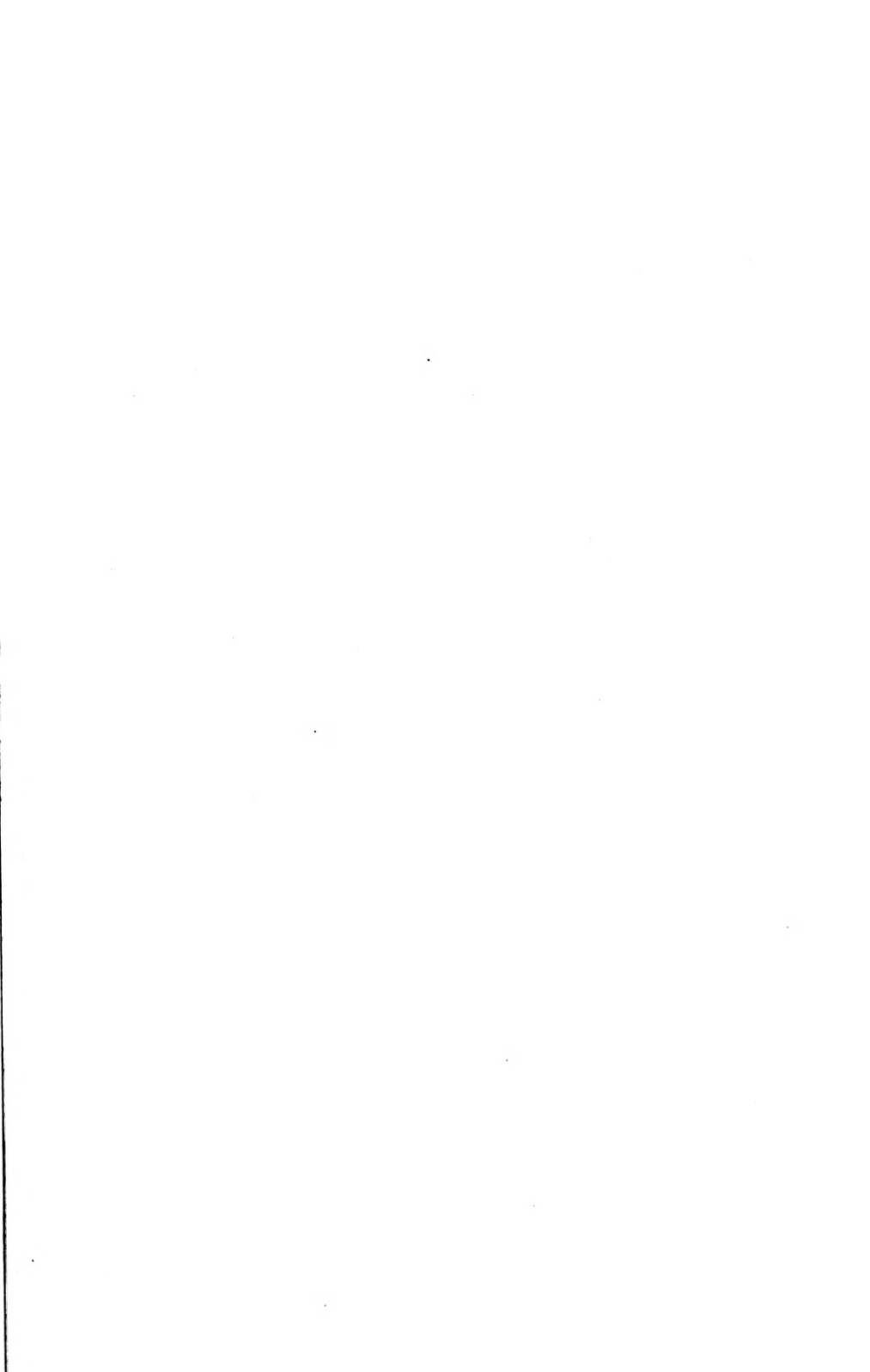


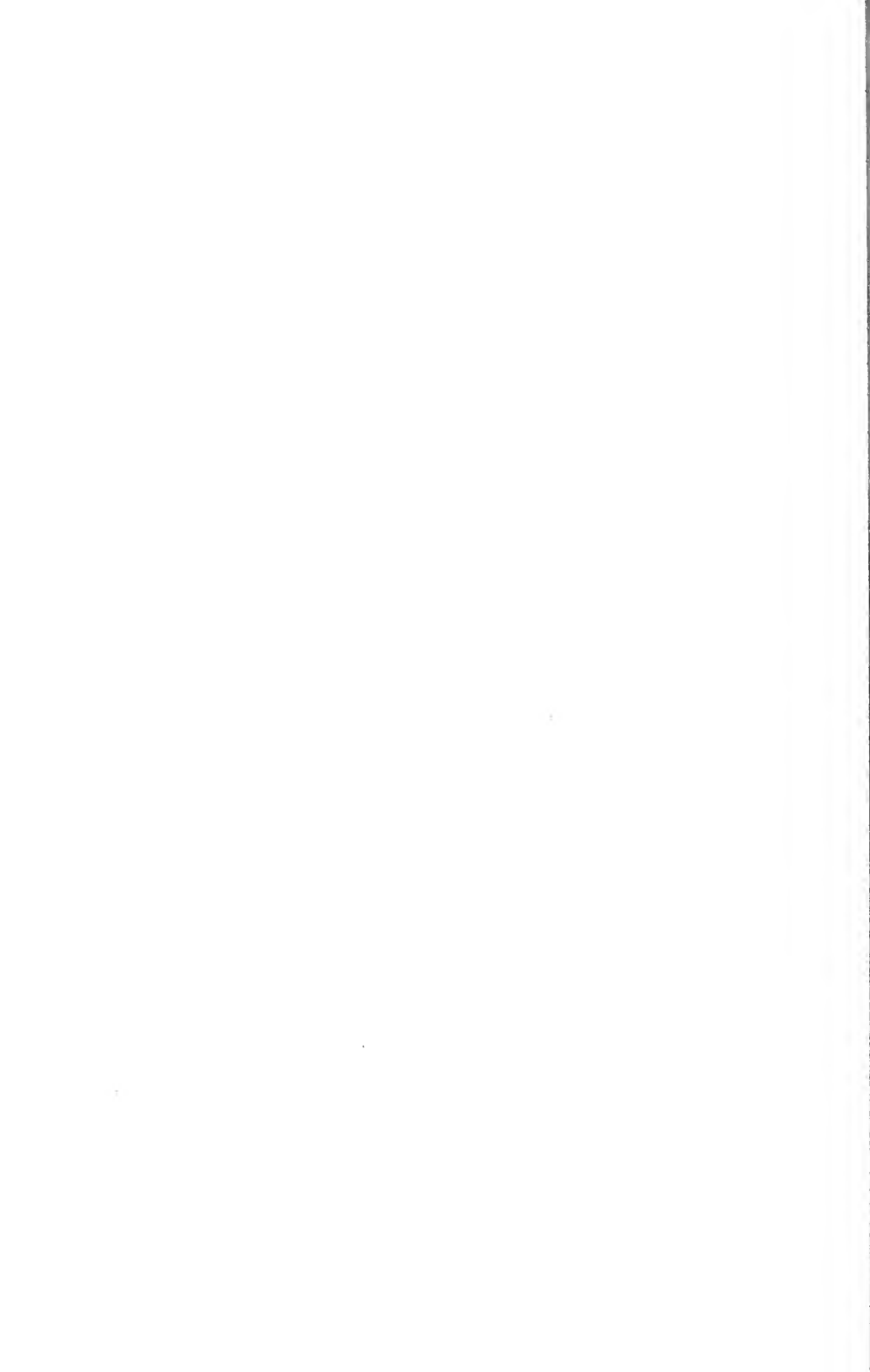


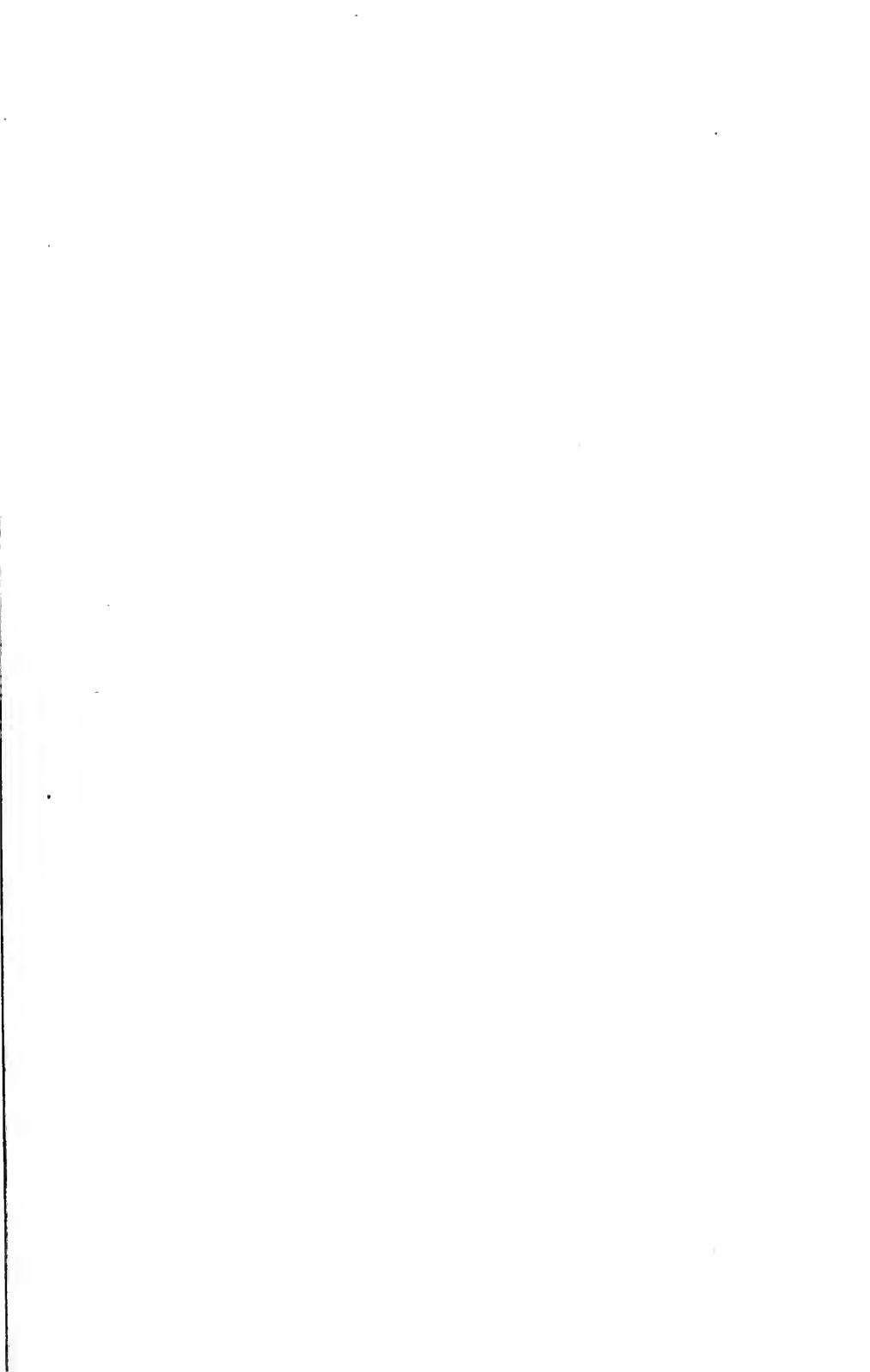


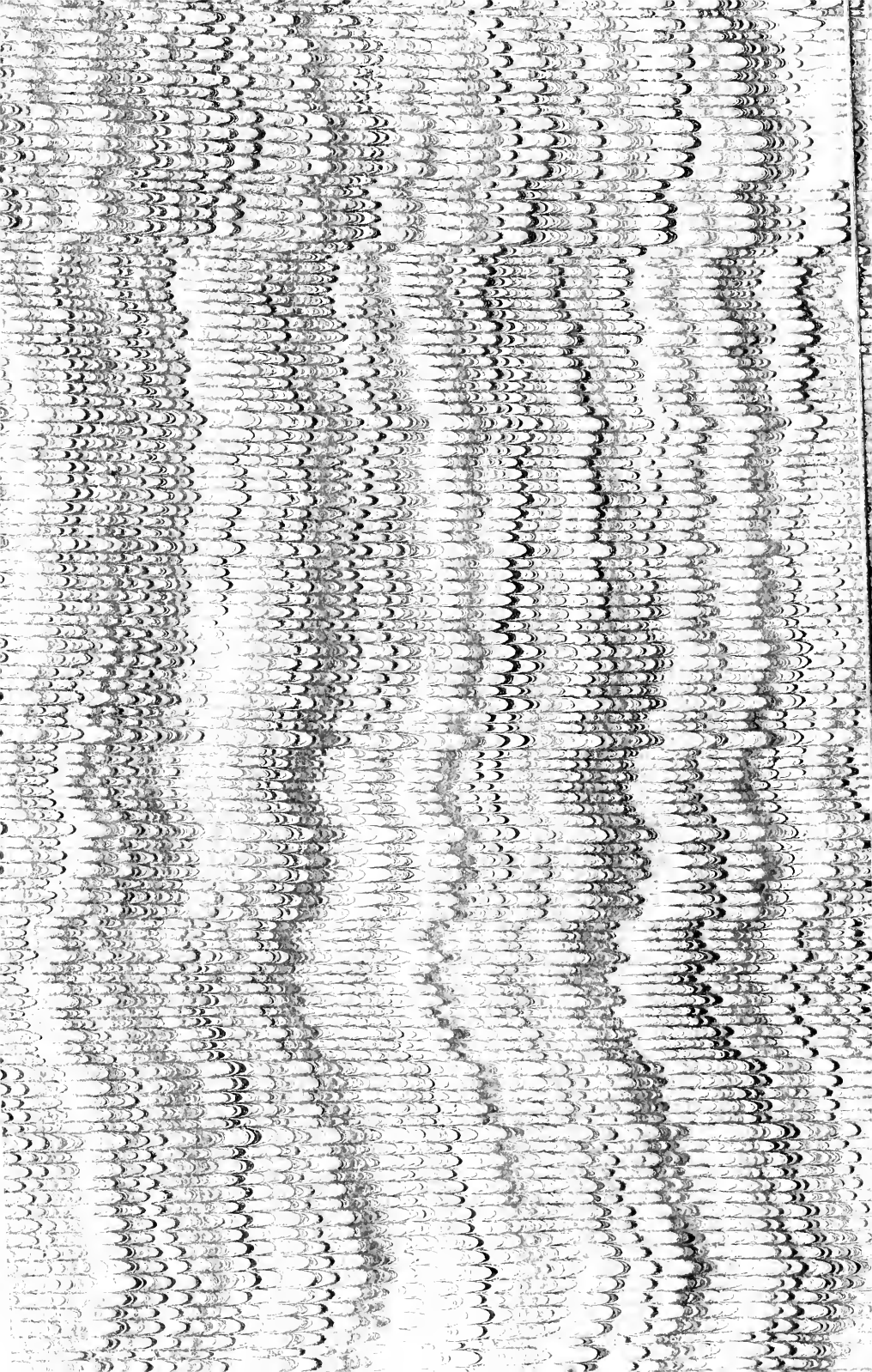


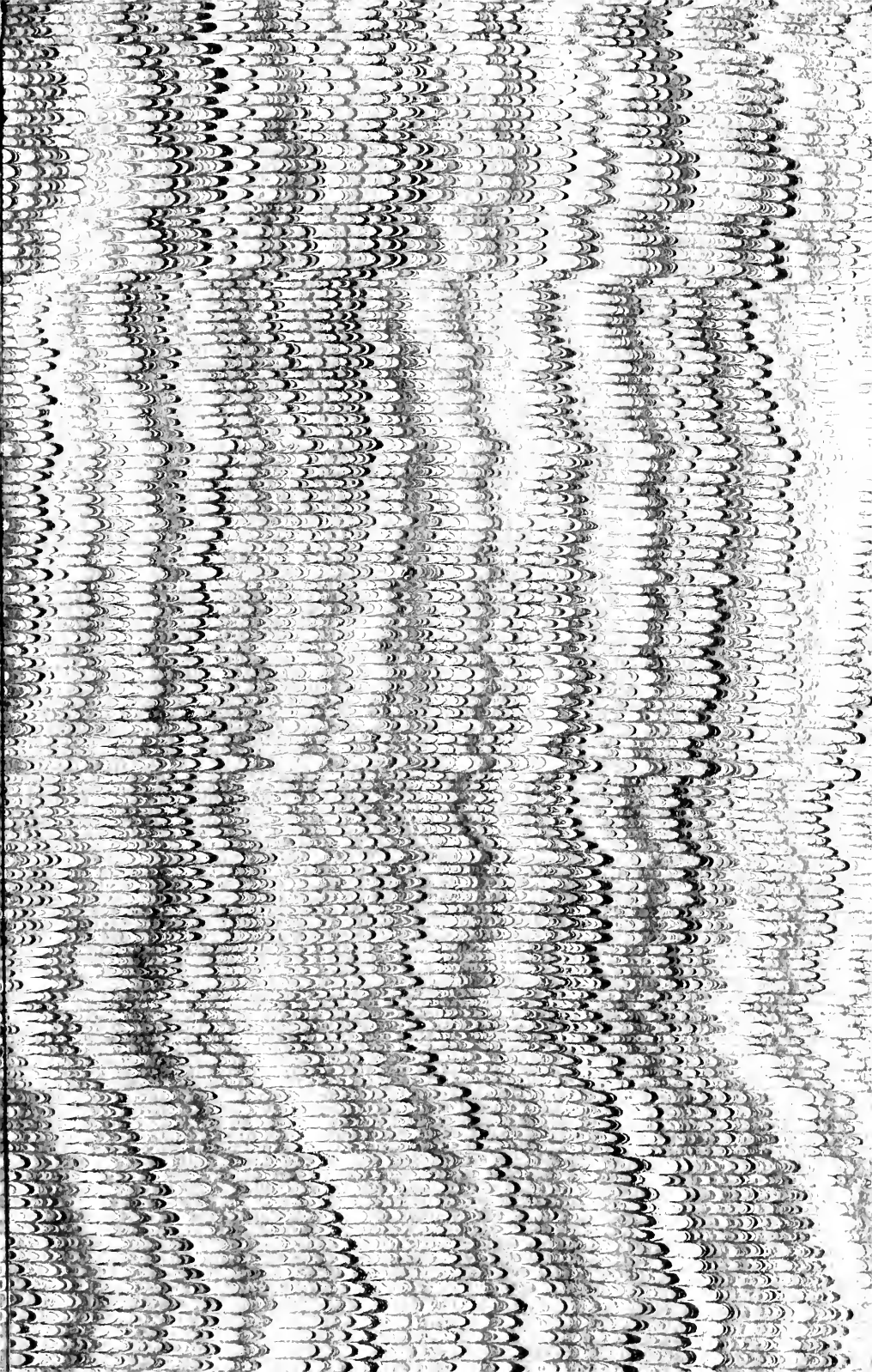












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